# Wrong Side Out.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

If Flora ever gets other men. men can't make much of an imbert Eddy. I am Flora's aunt, and I short formal call, but it didn't come out know all about it. There isn't any harm the way he had planned.

was quite late in her life before Flora Eddy is coming." It was quite late in her life before rooking as married, though she was real good-oking, and considerably well-to-do. I came into her cheeks. "Well," said she, was married, though she was real goodn't know why the young men didn't seem to care much about her; perhaps one reason was, she never seemed to care ch about them; perhaps another was, that she always acted kind of settled down and satisfied. Flora's eyes were down and she used to sit as straight as "Why don' a gun in meeting, and never turn her head. minister. He was the one she married. However, she used to look at him just to the sermon, and she never hung behind after meeting to see him, nor had any questions of conscience that she needed spiritual advice for, like a good many women in the village. She just kept right on in her own way. When he came to call on her, she turned the mats and the I, "are you gone crazy?" tidies, and the pictures, and her apron, just as she did for other callers, that she She'd sit and talk with him as calm full as a clock.

she wasn't the only woman who was a her skirt showed the overcasting, and nice housekeeper, who did that. I know there was the drab cambric facing. nice housekeeper, who did that. I know lots of women, now, who never have their ingle thing that was right side out. She of him or a new carpet in her parlor, and she with, because it had a blue color on the right side, that she was afraid would and the pictures, all back-to, and the didies, and the table-cloth, and Flora's out of place, the dishes in her buttery d to look as if they were fairly grown the shelves. She used to keep the lishes wrong side out, or rather bottom ide up, the plates all piled on their faces, and the cups and saucers turned over, and the covers of the vegetable dishes, ind the covers of sugar bowl and teapot

n the wrong way. When Flora had a particular caller. like Mrs. C. F. Belton, who is the richest oman in town, or the minister, she used fly around and straighten things. Luckher house set high, and she could see long way down the road, and had some ime, but anyway she had to work oulck. I've been in there when she spied some-body coming, and helped her. The way we would whop over those mats, and the tablecloth and the tidies, and the way we'd clap over those pictures, and George Washington would loom up, and Daniel Webster, and a little vase of flowers in pencil that Flora had done when she went to school, and Flora's mother's portrait, was a caution. Sometimes I used to think she was dreadful silly to make herself so careful of things, that she had enough to buy new ones when those gave out, but she wouldn't listen to me.

ucky you haven't always stolen, and committed murders, and drank, because I do believe you'd think that was reason ough to go right on, and make it good d respectable." But she couldn't see any sense in my looking at it that way ver knows it, the not knowing it makes

Well, she kept on living wrong side out. and upside down, to save things, and it seemed to get worse and worse. I rememr once I asked her why she didn't walk a her head so as to save her shoes, and e felt real sort of hurt about it. She was wearing her stockings one side out ne day, and the other the next, because he thought they would wear better, and at made me think of it.

Finally people began to whisper that he minister, Mr. Albert Eddy, was calling pretty often on Flora, and I joked her about it a little. She blushed and didn't as if she minded, and that very after-I saw him coming down the road. and, here he is now, Flora," said I. he didn't say anything, but she colored fly around to turn things right side Flora whopped over the mats, and I ne the doorbell rang everything was ght side out except Flora's apron. She ad clean forgotten that. When she came with the minister, I saw right was ruffled, too, and that made it se. I rose up when the minister came ught I wouldn't be in the way, hated to leave and not tell her about t it afterward. So I tried to catch eye, and make a motion toward- it. minister was asking after my and my sisters, but I couldn't man-

ne door, before it opened, and Flora dying out after me. "Good land," flying out after me. "I forgot to turn my ok I wanted to send to Aunt Susan; the table in the sitting-room so I shan't lie quite so bad." All the time she was whispering that, she was tying on

apron right side out.
I hope he didn't notice," said she.

of the window, and saw I didn't have I had read it before, and I From the Albany Fost. want it, and besides I don't like eil; it has always seemed to me worse

soon, and he didn't come again.

The youngster played hookey from school, ate up two fars of his mother's fam, tumbled his little sister out of her high chair, and I guess that had a fib. He staying away than her as to how ridiculous he thought Then I began to think it was all for it always has seemed to tasement." when a man begins to make fun litary old age. But all the time I

I used to sit in meeting and ert Eddy, and I saw his eyes sentof himself to Flora sitting . I should think he was

LORA has always had a temper,or minister has to think of that more than

rather a will. If Flora ever gets set on anything, she seems to turn into a sort of human fortress, and all the king's horses and all the men can't make much of an im-

mats over as usual, and she jumped up too, but she just grabbed my arm to stop me instead of

"Why don't you, Flora?" said I. Ball a gun in meeting, and never turn her head agun in meeting, and never turn her head but then she didn't have to, to see the want them turned over." "Nor the pictures, either?" said I.

"No," said she. "Nor the tidles nor any-All the time she was talking she was pulling off her dress-skirt. Then she got into it again wrong side out, and put on her apron again wrong side out.

to jump a cat ober de alley fence. One of de fust pussons my eyes lighted on was our Pickles Smith. He dun come to

vasn't real intimate with, but that was and if he thinks I'm odd, he shall get the ole wife was at de washtub an' groanin' s a clock.

You see this habit that Flora had of high, switching along that wrong-side-out was squirtin' around like a young man of You see this habit that Flora had of turning things to keep them nice made turning things to keep them nice made skirt and that apron. When she came in she did look ridiculous. All the seams of desalvashun of America.

mats right side out, unless they have strangest look I ever saw on a man's as if a house had fell on to him. Two particular company, but Flora carried it face. He looked as if he wanted to burst days befor dat nonsense he come oper to good deal farther. Why, I've been into right out laughing and yet he looked sort my house an borryed a dollar to git medicine flora's house when there was hardly a of admiring. I didn't know what to think cine fur his rheumatiz. He limped in both put that down wrong side out to begin table cloth showing the long stitches, it with, because it had a blue color on the was one that Flora had worked herself.

look so handsome, her cheeks were blazpron. She was very thrifty, and a splen- ing, and her eyes like black stars. Preshousekeeper. Some said she was the ently she says: "Oh, Mr. Eddy, you have housekeeper in the village. She never seen my house! I have heard you any money, but it ain't ober a week since n't bear a speck of dust or anything are interested in old houses and old furthem?"

Of course he couldn't do any less than say he would, and we all rose up to go, I him frew de winter. Yes; Brudder Bebee knew if Flora was going to show him the was dar, an' he was twistin' an' dodgin' house, she would want me to stay.

Well, Flora took him into the kitchen, and there was everything wrong side out,

She took him into the buttery, and there dis winter.

She took him into the buttery, and there "As I cast my eyes ober de crowd I "As I cast my eyes ober de crowd I "Three were all the upside down dishes. She had baked some pies that morning, and they were upside down in their plates. "If the bottom crust gets the air, they keep long-er," said Flora. I stared at her, for I had never heard of such a thing, but I didn't say a word. I began to think that she had been expecting that he might call, and getting everything ready, that it was all cut and dried, and I guess it was.

"An' I noticed Kumfurt White in thickest of de crowd. 'Bout two wee

deepen and deepen.

We had got around to the spare chamber, and it was a sight; an old-fashioned h'ar dat de grim destroyer had carried knotted counterpane on the bed, with all him off, an' my surprise at seein' him the carpet wrong side out, and the mats, she made when she was a young girl.
The curtains had the wrong side to the room, and I declare ilf even the chairs weren't tipped up, and faced to the wall, year. That whole room looked as if it were backing off out of sight as fast as it could go.

burst into one great roar of laughter. He just doubled up with it. I never thought could laugh so. Flora looked at him, her mouth twitching, as if she wouldn't give in, then she couldn't help it, and she

to me they might have an understanding. I went off home without saying a word. I went over there again the next mornfor I must say I was a little curious. "What made you run off so last night?" says Flora, but she looked as if she was glad enough I did. I didn't answer her for a minute, I was so struck. I couldn't think what had come to the house. Then I saw everything was right side out. There was the sun pouring in on the carnet, and the mats, and the pictures, and

"For the land sakes, Flora," said I,

neck. mother will come to supper, as long as it's Christmas," says she in a minute,

"and I'd be happy to have you come over. Then you are going to-?" says I. "Yes, I suppose so," says Flora.
"But he isn't coming till afternoon,"

says I, looking at the pictures and the mats again. "I know that." said Flora, "but I'm going to keep things right side out after this. I got up this morning at 4 o'clock and turned the parlor carpet. I had my way yesterday, but this morning I've given it to him for a Christmas present." (Copyright, 1900, Daily Story Publishing Company.)

"We heard you whipping your boy g up a fib with such a flimsy sort the woodshed last night," said the

spokesman of the party.
"Yes," replied the indignant parent

b. He said some things, finally, "it is government without the consent of liks said he did, that came right back the governed, and we cannot permit it."

"Besides that," went on the indignant parent, "he broke three windows in your

"What!" cried the spokesman: "is he han, that is the end of his affec-was corry, because I had always be licked within an inch of his life! I'd a good deal of Flora, and I hated like to have the handling of him for a that she had nothing before her day or so and I'd teach him to behave

"But government without the con "Is a theory, nothing but a theory-a oking as handsome as a measly little impossible theory!"

the London Mainly About People bt whatever that
He told me so
had come to
eccentric, and
was naturally not in the board the singer eccentric, and was naturally not in the best of tempelement. And a While chewing the cud of disappoints

an old railway porter, who recognized him from the published portraits, entered the Good evening, Mr. Sims Reeves," he

said.

"Good evening, my man," replied the vocalist, getting ready the necessary tip.

"They tell me you earn a heap of
money," he remarked.

"Oh?" murmured Mr. Reeves.

"And yet," pursued the porter, "you
don't work hard. Not so hard as I do, for
instance. But I dessay you earn-p'raps
ten times what I do-eh?"

"What do you earn?" asked the singer.

en times what I do—eh?"
"What do you earn?" asked the singer.
"Eighteen shillings a week all the year round," said the porter.

Sims Reeves opened his chest: "Do, re.
mi—do!" he sang, the last note being a
ringing top note. "There my man, there's
your year's salary gone."

### BROTHER GARDNER'S LECTURES.

He Is Down on Cake Walks and Gives

H's Reason Why. "What I want to speak to yo' about dis some can't make much this down the road. He thought he ought to eavenin," said the president of the Limewill that Flora came to marry Alcall, and he made up his mind to make a kiln Club after the regular business of the gard to cakewalks. I'ze bin informed dat telling. I have heard Flora tell it When I saw him coming I turned to sortin members of dis club hev got todozens of times.

When I saw him coming I turned to sortin members of dis club hev got toFlora, and I said, "Flora, I guess Mr. gedder an' planned out a cakewalk fur evrtin members of dis club hev got toery Saturday night doorin' de winter, an' I want it known right yere an' now dat I'm opposed to de idea. I'm opposed to it on gineral grounds an not bekase I'm "let him come."

on gineral grounds an not bekase I'm
I jumped up and began to turn the down on amusements. I dunno who inwhite man who wanted to make fules of went to Watermillyon Hall de odder eavenin' as an onlooker.

What was de fust spectacle dat greeted my eyes? Heaps an' heaps of cull'd folks there on the farm.'
all dressed in deir Sunday clothes an' The eyes of the win' an' grinnin' like so many monkeys. Dar wasn't 'nuff dignity in ail dat crowd her apron again wrong side out.

I stared at her. "My land, Flora," said to git shoes fur his chilen, but he had to git shoes fur his chilen. "No," said she, "I have not, but there used de money to buy a yaller necktie an' shan't be any more talk about deception, a dimun pin to show him off. While his brunt of it." Then the door-bell rang wid de backache an' his chil'ren couldn't

"One of de pussons who contested fur I saw the minister looking at it with the He looked as if he wanted to burst days befo' dat nonsense he come ober to of admiring. I didn't know what to the of him or her. There were all the pictures with their board-sides out, and the dollar went fur blue suspenders an' a tures with their board-sides out, and the freekled shirt, an' from de way he twisted hissef around I couldn't believe he ever and all the tidies wrong. Flora talked had a pain or an ache. A man fifty y'ars de, and all her mats were turned, with along just as easy as if everything was all old ought to hev some dignity, no matter what his color, but Samuel was playin' and the pictures, all back-to, and the lit seemed to me that I never saw Flora de fule as bad as de young folks of fif-

an' grinnin' an' enjoyin' de occashun 'bout fo'teen times mo' dan a camp meetin'. He on me. was workin' harder dan as if he had an and bottom side up, down to the broom. ax in his hand, an' I believe dat he an' h's Flora called attention to that. "I always partner cum mighty nigh takin' de prize ax in his hand, an' I believe dat he an' his take pains to set my broom with handle fur bein' de two biggest fules on de floah, end down," said she, "otherwise it wears It am needless to add dat dem fo' bushels It am needless to add dat dem fo' bushels of taters won't find deir way to his cabin

also obsarve Sorghum Johnson. Three days ago I met him gwine into a pawn-shop wid some beddin', an' he told me a woeful tale 'bout sickness an' hard luck De money he got fur dat beddin' went into a pair of shiny shoes, an' dem shiny shoes was jest slingin' deirselves all ober de glasses hurs faces to the wall. "I can't have the sun shining on the glass," says eases an' was not long fur dis world. He wanted me to promise dat he should hev wanted me to promise dat I would The minister followed after her, and a headboard at his grave an' dat I would "I've always done it," she would say, that queer look on his face seemed to send his bereaved an' grief-stricken deepen and deepen. of turnips. I hev bin waitin' eber since to the wrong side of the knots showing and present de odder night was as great as the carpet wrong side out, and the mats. dat of de man who runs agi'n a sleepin' and the covers on the bureau and stand, hog on de sidewalk. Yes; Kumfurt was and the looking-glass face to the wall, right in de swim an' had fo'gotten all and the two pictures, one of Flora's flow-er drawings, and the other a hair wreath ring on his finger nebber cost less'n sebabout his sebenteen diseases, an' de ruby enty cents. I has got turnips an' soft soap in de cellar, but dey am not fur Brudder White's grief-stricken fam'ly-not dis

"I am one who believes dat all men an women must hev social enjoyment an' air "I see made better fur it, but it grieves me to ed in. All of a sudden I saw the minister's see either white or black folks make fules mouth begin to twitch, then as if he couldn't hold out a minute longer, he burst into one great roar of laughter. He lt might do well 'nuff fur boys an' gals, but when grown up folks go into it de case am different. It would be jest as but I'm gwine to say to yo' dat de next nigger who borrys money of me to fule bustli away on a cakewalk has got to be nailed lady. to de airth or I shall trip him ober wid a

"Dar was a time when de hull cull'd dividual opinyun, an' I jest want to add dat if yo' feel yo' must make fules of "Who's coming?"

"Nobody just yet that I know of," says
Flora. She blushed all over her face and be far easier an' cheaper an' mo' to de credit of de race to sit on de cellar stairs in de darkness an' bob about an' grin at de empty tater bin. Dat's all I've got to say, an' we will now blow out de lamps an' break de meetin' in two."

### Mr. McKinley's Cigar Bill.

From the Philadelphia Record.

President McKinley has a record of purchasing 37,000 cigars of one brand in the fourteen years he was in Congress. While this is a very large number, yet it is no same period, as it averages but seven cigars a day. Mr. McKinley had a peculiar custom in handling his cigars. During his service in Congress he always bought them by the box, leaving the box at the stand from which all his purchases were stand from which all his purchases were hung, but the mother told them made. It was a convenient place for him to call by to get a bundle of clgars, either in the morning or the evening. He had no tendency toward making changes in the brand he smoked. He chose a good one and stuck to it, though since he left Congress and while he has been in the White House, he has not patronized the same cigar, probably simply because it was not as convenient to buy it.

For all such curious knowledge how I'd strive!
If I could only know these things"—he gave troubled sigh—
"I'd really be the happiest boy alive!"

learn
per discoverers veren't born-or hardly one!
like to live as boys did ten hundred years ago,
by they had nothing else to do but play.
here wasn't anything to learn, nor more than
they had then,
we wouldn't I be happy every day!

-Youth's Companion.

## Three Foolish Old Boys.

BY LYDIA PELICIA PERKINS.

The Banker, the Real Estate Magnate, and the Merchant sat smoking their cigars together two evenings before Christ-mas at the Three Score Club. They had reached their three score and something over; sagacious, prosperous financiers. who had never done a foolish thing, and were grizzled and dignified. As their eyes waxed filmy over the good cigars, the Banker suddenly chuckled to himself. The other two raised their eyes to him, but as for a fertune. They threw rocks on their he still chuckled, and began shaking his head, for sympathy his cronies began to sprained his fat, white wrist, and Jack's chuckle, too.

"Lord, Lord, what a boy I used to be," shoulder was sore to the had bruised his thumb.

he muttered, "what a happy, graceless little devil!" "That you were," the Merchant agreed

heartily. "What an unregenerate lot we were." the Real Estate Magnate chinked in.
"Poor as mice," he added slowly. The
others nodded.

"You remember, Dan," resumed the Banker, addressing the Merchant, "you lived on the next farm, and farms were few and far between. 'Gene, there," flinging a gesture at the Real Estate Magnate, "he starved over in the town. Lord, do you remember the unholy bates of country grub he used to take on when "Don't," said she, "I don't want them Hevin' heard a heap about sich entertain-days? Speaking of Christmas—" They Hevin' heard a heap about sich entertain; days. Speaks of the Bankments an' nebber hevin' 'tended one, all drew closer. "Boys," said the Bankment to Watermillyon Hall de odder er, tremulously, "I'd be willing to swell the majority right now if I could be as happy as I was as a boy-a youngster

The eyes of the other two grew more lmy, and they said solemnly: "That's so, Jack. The Merchant ashed his cigar careful-

ly, and said in a low voice, the others hanging on his words: "Poor as we were; yes. But to see the yellow evening closing in. The day be-for Christmas! Mother used to discover the kindlings were out, or the stock no fed, or the henhouses left unlocked, and I knew she wanted me out of the way she crowded my stocking full of goodles. Time was—" his voice fell still lower, and his eyes brightened, as with moisture, "when I believed in old Santy."

"Right you are," came the husky chorus. "Yes, and mother used to tell me if I looked, Santy wouldn't leave me anyhing, and I always believed mother-I befeve in her still.

The three financiers unaffectedly wiped their eyes, and loudly blew their noses. The Real Estate Magnate was the first to brave an interruption. "Then the day before Christmas here would come one of you boys with a big, green wagon, and two big, jumping horses. You'd say you had come in for some groceries, but I was always packed in. Boys, I won't be any happier going through the golden gates than I used to be when we went through the big farm gates Christmas Eve when we were youngsters. There, Dan, don't you remember your mother standing in are interested in old houses and old furniture, and this is over a hundred years
old, and I have some fine old pieces of
furniture. Wouldn't you like to see

| Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like to see | Wouldn't you like you her head, telling us to hurry and feed the horses, 'cause the buckwheat would ter to break away an' follow arter, an' I hungry and cold, and wash out at the had laid away fo' bushels of taters to help him frew de winter. Yes; Brudder Bebee getting boxed for it. Then your blessed mother, knowing boys never got enough to eat in the towns, piling the good things

that went with the buckwheat," Dan put

"Nor the real country butter," Jack supplied excitedly, Then they drew back with unanimous "We were back there, sure enough,"

Jack said wistfully. "I have an idea." "Yes, Dan." They closed around again. He pawed at his thinning hair, looked sheepishly at the eager faces, then blurt-ed out boldly: "Well, suppose we try a

was all cut and dried, and I guess it was.
She took him all over the house; in the chambers, all the bed-spreads were on wrong side out, and even the looking-glasses hung faces to the wall. "Look that it hall like a cat walkin' on a hot stove.

"An' I noticed Kumfurt White in de thickest of de crowd. Bout two weeks ago Brudder White come ober to my cabin one eavenin' an' gin me to underly cat the farm, and just it again?"

"Yes?" in mystification.

"Well, you know? Play at being boys again just this Christmas. Don't you know? Go back to the farm, and just it again?" bluff at it again?" er is living. Somehow the years have gone by so, and maybe I've overlooked mother. 'Course you know I've sent her things, but looked like I couldn't pull up and run down there. Boys, this thing

'ld give her a new lease of life. would you?" He looked pleadingly at their red, working faces.

tate Magnate ejaculated in a hoarse voice, "Neglecting that dear, old mother of yours. If you'd never remembered your mother, you'd know what it was to have one. Why, man, I'd go to the end of the world if I had to crawl to see your mother again, who used to mother a mother.

"I second the motion," the Banker chim-

They left the city next morning, and it was an hour by sun when they got out of the train, and found the big farm wagon waiting for them.

They were calling out to one another about familiar landmarks as they passed sensible to play leapfrog or to stand on yo'r head 'longside de wall. I ain't got de power to stop 'em, an' I can't prevent power to stop 'em, and an interpretable power to stop 'em, and an interpretable power to stop 'em, and an interpretable power to could. The other old boys waited till he could meet his mother alone, then came bustling in and were hugged by the old

She entered into the snirit of th so thoroughly that each one felt a boy when she sent Jack off to shake down race was treated as chil'en an amused as chil'en, but dat time has passed. We's hen-house, and 'Gene to split the kind-I saw everything was right side out.
There was the sun pouring in on the carpet, and the mats, and the pictures, and everything, and Flora had on her apron right.

There was the sun pouring in on the carpet, and the mats, and the pictures, and everything, and Flora had on her apron to splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters if yo' decide to keep up deserving the splinters is the splinters in the splinters in the splinters is the splinters in the splinters in the splinters is the splinters in the splinters in the splinters is the splinters in the splinters in the splinters is the splinters in t ing in the lighted kitchen door calling

them into supper.
Surely that was the old sink, and here they were spluttering and throwing the water over one another, and the mother scolding at them. Then the same smoking country butter, and home-made maple syrup which were pressed on them, the mother declaring that town boys never get enough to eat. And, maybe, something in the fresh, country air, or the old associations gave them appetites After supper they popped corn in the old way, and listened to ghost stories told by the mother; and felt the same old thrilling fear of dancing shadows in dark just drop a sovereign?" holding out in more than a great many men smoke in the thrilling fear of dancing shadows in dark corners, and thought with a shiver of the unexplored blackness under the bed.

Promptly at 9 o'ciock the mother rose and ordered them to bed. They tried to peep into the kitchen where their stock-ing out an eager hand.

The gentleman questioned made a hasty search of his pockets and said: "Why, so I did! And I hadn't missed it!" holding out an eager hand. day. Mr. McKinley had a peculiar unexplored blackness under the bed, It was a convenient place for him that Santy wouldn't leave them anything if they saw him, and so to bed.

When the first gray streaks of morning showed through the windows, Dan hopped out of bed and roused his companions, but they grunted and settled for another

minutes later when they were douched in the face with ice water. "Gol' darn y'," 'Gene spluttered, hurl-ing his pollow harmlessly. "You chicken thief," Jack howeld. Then

there was a shadow through the dim light, and Dan was nursing his jaw from a stinging slap. manded, and was gone. Then there was taunting laughter, and they pitched into their clothes and rushed to the kitchen. The stockings were plethoric. Jack

Gee whiz! Marbles, a twist of molasses candy, a Barlow knife, a ball of twine, strangely dear to the boy heart, and a unk of ginger bread.

Meanwhile Dan had rifled his, and drawn forth a jumping-jack, a six-bladed knife, maple sugar cakes, and a large, red

'As they compared their gifts and dis-

terward made the boys go to church while she looked after the dinner.

shoulder was sore to the touch, and Dan When they got ready to go back to the

city that evening the mother put her arms around as much of them as she could, and said: "Boys, I haven't been as happy in forty

years. And they all agreed to the same.
"Just my boys again," she went on, lcoking into their wrinkled, worldly faces with dim eyes, "God bless you all!" Then she followed them out to the gate, and called cheerily after them as they stum-bled blindly toward the big wagon:

ne again next year. And they echoed huskily, waving their "Next year

And the three foolish old boys sat humped up on the car seats, tired out, reluctantly allowing their boyhood to slip back into the past. ARIZONA KICKLETS.

Mrs. John Agnew wishes us to correct the statement that her husband was drunk when killed by a bear on North Creek the other day. We do so with great cheerfulness. He had an empty quart bottle beside him, and was evidently lying down when attacked, but we never let trifles stand in our way in rendering an apology.

An anonymous letter informs us that for a Christmas present we will receive a writer of the letter seems to be a man who does not love us, but if his presents arrive they will be taken in and duly admired and appreciated.

Our little affair with Col. Hope the other day has been greatly magnified by our malicious contemporary. The colonel came to our office to borrow \$5. As he already owed us \$50 borrowed money, we declined to lend him any more, and in order to get rid of him, we had to throw him through a window. There was no shooting excitement, no hard feelings. We just pitched him out, and that was all.

Six of our Texas subscribers stopped their Kicker last week because we refused to pitch into Mexico and get up a war. It is our aim to please our subscribers as far as possible, but we can't ticular against Mexico and must decline

An item in our columns last week stated that Mrs. Gen. Devo. of this gulch. was formerly a ballet girl in the The idea was to increase her social prestige here at home; but as she and her husband have filed vigorous objections, we make our humble apology and trust she was a leading lady instead of a

Joe Crowley, of the Royal Poker Rooms, was idiot enough to put up a mirror 20 feet long and 4 feet wide behind his bar the other day. It had not been in place. twenty minutes before half a dozen men were shooting at their reflected mugs, and Joe was \$150 out of pocket. Giveadam Gulch is feeling the tremble of civiliza-tion, but it will be ten years before bar mirrors will be safe from bullets.

We have the names of at least three critters in this town who are hankering for our job as postmaster and are waiting to see us bounced. We are in love with the job and intend to hold on to it,

ing to see us bounced. We are in love with the job and intend to hold on to it, and if there is anybody in this territory who can beat us at pulling wires and mending fences, we will doff our hat to him when he has us on our back.

We made a holy show of ourself on Apache avenue the other day when a stranger got the drop on us and held a revolver to our ear. Yes; we knelt down as he commanded, and we repeated the apology he so kindly worded for us, and we expect to lose fifty subscribers by it. However, we had rather be a live editor than a dead idiot. When a man who means shoot gets the drop on us, we are his mutton for the time being, and don't propose being laid away in our own graveyard.

Mr. J. B. Williams, our esteemed fellow townsman, is about to remove to Santa Fe, N. M., to open a palace of poker and drinks. We have found him a square man on the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal and a connoisseur on drinks. We have found him a square man on the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new in the deal and a conn

chil'en, but dat time has passed in the help of to hev' mo' dignity dan a monkey on a his part that when he mashed his finger face to face. We shall be in Lone Jack half an hour before our arrival, and re-main shivering among the bushes until we leave, we will pay over \$100 to any charity he may name. He's a squirt-gun man, and we've let him live on just to bother the disc

### Suspicion Confirmed. From London Tit-Bits.

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face which shaded off to something like philanthropy shaded of to something like philanthropy about the edges, was gazing abstractedly down Regent street. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was waiting for a bus, and, touching him lightly on the his hand the coin mentioned.

The old man drew forth a notebook and took his name and address, and then said: "I thought so," turning away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want

it all as a reward?" it all as a reward?"
"I did not find one," said the old man,
"but it struck me that in a large city
like this there must be a lot of money
lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the
thirty-first man who has lost a sovereign
"this very morning." this very morning."

A teacher in one of Boston's public schools had instructed her pupils in hy-giene, and toward the end of the term, member, told them to each write out a little story of the human body. The following is copied from the "story" one small boy handed her, with the confident assurance that he knew it was all right, for he had studied very hard over it:
"The human body is divided into three parts-the head, the thorax, and the ab-

domen.
"The head contains the brains, if the are any; the thorax contains the hea and the vital organs, and the abdomn the vowels, of which there are five—a.

1, o, and u, and sometimes w and y."

The American Ambassador astonished his Guild Hail audience by the frankness puted over values, the mother sat by the his Guild Hall audience by the frankness fire and laughed till she cried, then all with which he congratulated Lord Salisburg on the neck of each, and bless you American politics until the election was

over, and fairly put Gog and Magog out of countenance by the audacity with which he compared the retiring foreign minister to a tallow chandler on meliting days. Mr. Choate's speech was received, however, with peals of laughter, and his reference to Downing street as an American precinct caused intense amusement, who looked on this amiable idiocy with bofine contempt.

After breakfast mother read the chapter about the Babe at Bethlehers, and after ward made the boys go to church

### THE C. O. D. MAN.

He Tells How He Worked a Bluff and

They call me the C. O. D. tramp because it's always cash on delivery with methat is. I deliver my tale of misfortune and expect the cash to follow. Never crowd myself in among gentlemen unless strongly urged, and never affiliate with from Mr. Sam Norton, who lost a dollar other tramps when I can find a straw on Main street a few weeks ago and has stack for myself. Consider myself a good not recovered it up to date. He may deal of an aristocrat, and when collared never recover it, but he has the consolaby the police I fall back upon my blue tion of knowing that the dishonest finder blood and dignity instead of making a squeal. Have been sent to jail a score of of us. times for vagrancy, but have always emerged with new aims and ambitions and my moral standard as bright as ever. Have now and then filled positions of trust-that is, the chief of police or sheriff trusted me to get outside the county lines within two hours, and I have always done my level best to accomplish the feat and prove the stanchness of my principles.

A county fail or a state house of correction is not always a bad thing to take, providing his honor doesn't make the man frequent chances at the bathtub and an excelsior mattress, and the change of He thinks he can amputate the leg and diet always braces him up; certain cure for sore feet, and after a gentleman has had the burs and thistles scraped off his buildings will be erected in Boomville back and got the weeds and straw out next year unless another world-wide of his hair he feels more like picking up panic sets in, and without undue exuitaof his hair he feels more like picking up panic sets in, and without undue exuita-the classics again. Officials of a prison tion we ask where there is another town don't always recognize an aristocrat at in this county with such prospects ahead of it? Come to Boomville if you want to be in the rush. institution of the sort without being more

I was hanging about Philadelphia the other week and making more or less of a success of my C. O. D. system when 1 a success of my C. O. D. system when 1 grocery. The thruster was Abner Green, who had been drinking and was in a evening. I could tell that he belonged to the swagger set while he was yet half a pen again. The position was undignified. the swagger set while he was yet half a block away. He had the look of a young man with a rich papa, a loving m and a mouth for champagne. I stops him and begins my little story, which includes thirteen misfortunes and a chunk of ingratitude as big as a house, when he cuts in with:

"Stow it, cully. Where was you born?"
"In the lap of luxury," says I. "How was you brought up?"
"On an allowance of \$500 a month." "Where's your palace car?"

"Switched off and left behind." "And your valet?" "Dropped dead of heart disease the other day, and I'm afraid I can't fill his

"Look here, cully," he goes on, breathing extra dry champagne all over block and taking up a million-dollar atti-tude, "I think I knows a dilapidated gen-"D. G. (dilapidated gentleman) hits me

"And you've got biceps?"
"Feel and see. Reaching out for nickels for the last fifteen years has given me the muscles of a Sandow. Best thing in the world for shoulder exercise."

"And, being a dilapidated gentleman. you ought to know how to put up your I put 'em up and tapped him one, two, three on the chin.

and a galoot with a lisp smashed my nose with the gloves half an hour ago. I want revenge. If you'll knock his eyebrows off I'll cough up a V. I can run you in all right, and I want you to dope him."
"It's five to dope the chap with the lisp," says I, "but how much to bluff the whole club room into their boots?"
"Can you do it?"

# ON THE STAIRS.

"It's so good of you, Miss Idelmine, to consent to sit out this— Certainly I'll let you pass, Jones. Don't mention it.
"As I was going to say, Miss Idolmine. I've been trying to find a chance to see you alone oh! for several centuries, it seems to me, because I have something very particular to tell- Oh, you want to

Idolmine, to miss this dance just for me, and I do appreciate it, and I hope it augurs— See here, Jones, are you getting paid for running up and down these stairs?

gurs—See here, Jones, are you getting paid for running up and down these stairs?

"Oh, Miss Idolmine, is it really only because you are too tired to dance this time? Isn't there any other reason, just the tiniest little bit of—Yes, confound you! I suppose you do have to get down again, Jones.

"What I've been longing to say, Miss Idolmine—Mabel—is that I love—Say, Jones, I'll kill you if—Well, there, get on up if you have to, and stay up, darn it!

"No, Miss Idolmine—Mabel—I must say all now; I cannot stop. You must know how I love you, and when you consented to sit out this dance with me I knew I could no longer live in this agony of doubt, but must learn from your own sweet lips—Slide down the banisters if you've got to get down, Jones, you blasted idiot!

"Mabel, oh! Mabel, my love, my darling—no, I won't hush! Look up, sweetheart, and let me read in those giorious orbs the sweetest, holiest confession ever— Jones, if ever I get a chance I'll butcher you! You don't want to go up? What do you want, then? Mabel—Miss Idolmine? Why, what?—engaged? You? I—I—oh, blast it! somebody keep me from bitting holes in the carpet. But I—er—I congratulate you, both of you, of course."

Olive oil is superior to lard for frying, since it can be heated to a much higher temperature without burning than can be temperature without burning than can be lard or drippings. Lard, however, is better than butter. In fact, butter will burn before it has reached the degree of heat necessary for cooking food and it is therefore never used for frying. Fat of any sort is hot enough to fry properly when a blue smoke rises from it. It may be tested by putting a slice of raw potato into it. If the fat has reached the proper degree of the potato will brown.

with sweet butter, mix in with the meats some candled orange and lemon peel and half a dozen finely chopped stoned dates. Boil your sirup, made of two pounds of sugar and a cup of water, until a drop will harden in cold water. Add a teaspoonful of strained lemon peel and half a dozen finely chopped stoned dates. Boil your sirup, made of two pounds of sugar and a cup of water, until a drop will harden in cold water. Add a teaspoonful of strained lemon peel and half a dozen finely chopped stoned dates. Boil your sirup, made of two pounds of will harden in cold water. Add a teaspoonful of strained lemon peel and half a dozen finely chopped stoned dates.

### BOOMVILLE HOMELETS.

Ecomville ought to have a fire departent. At the present time the only con-niences for fighting the lurid destroyer are a stepladder and an old bucket withut a handle. Let us not wake up when it is too late.

Yesterday we were offered \$27.50 in cash or a city lot which cost us \$25 in advertising less than a year ago. No wonder the surrounding towns are jealous of our

We want wood on subscription; but as our office stove is only nineteen feet long we must gently request our tofi-hardenee farmers not to bring in any more fuel measuring twenty feet in length. not a captious editor, but we look to the eternal fitness of things. We received a call a day or two since

It now transpires that Mr. John Gris-

ccmb's year-old baby did not swallow a pair of scissers, as stated in our issue. What it got away with was half a dozen tacks and a brass thimble, but the doctor anticipates no malign results. Boomville cherubs have healthy appetites. We are sorry to say that we missed the

item last week about a cow breaking through the Looking Glass River bridge and breaking her leg, but we are in time visit too long-gives a traveling gentle- to announce that it was her left hind leg and that she is owned by Farmer Savag save her life. We have information that five new

> The editor of this paper, while on his way to the post-office the other day, was picked off his feet and thrust head first into an empty barrel in front of Strong's

> struggling but undaunted editor week was Mrs. Jason Williams. She brought us in a pound of butter and a brought us in a point of butter and a basket of potatoes, and could she have seen the tears in our wife's eyes as we carried the luxuries home she would have felt amply rewarded. We love to be an editor, and we love our subscribers.

> Poomville needs a waterworks system; but as one would cost \$35,000 and she has only \$4.80 in the village treasury at present, we shall not press the point. All things come to him who waits.

It gives us satisfaction to announce that it has already been decided by the leading citizens of Boomville to celebrate the glorious Fourth of 1901 in a fitting manner. We have been selected to read the Declaration of Independence and have begun practicing on it. Boomville will boom with the true spirit of 1776. GETTING A WIFE ON TICK.

A Former Telegraph Operator's Story of His Courtship in Chicago. From the New York Sun.
"I found my wife in an odd way," said an ex-telegraph operator, who is now a prominent officer of a Western railroad. "It was my third year in the railroad bustness, but I had not forgotten the tick lan-

ness, but I had not forgotten the tick hal-guage, and I hal a room in a hotel in Chi-cago which had a party wall with a boarding-house adjoining. In this board-ing-house lived a mighty pretty girl who "Good!" says he. "I belongs to an S. S. S. (swagger swell set) Club down here, was attending a commercial college in the next block, where there was also a course of telegraphy taught, and I guessed by seeing the books and papers she carried that she was taking that course. You see, I was watching her rather closely, for I was interested from the first time I ever "She was a stranger in town, course, there wasn't any chance for my being introduced to her, and as for firt-

ing, she showed no more signs of it than a sister of charity would, though I gave her every opportunity. I found out by a careful study of windows that her room in the boarding-house was next to mine in the hotel, and that only made me feel worse-so near and yet so far, you understand. I knew she would not school much more than three months, and as half that time had gone by and I still had made no progress, I began to grow desperate, for I couldn't bear the thought of losing her. You know a romance like that makes a deal more impression on a

fellow than the real thing.

"One Sunday afternoon I was in my room and she was in hers, and I could

had only pulled one glove on when he and sees me sitting on the deal, and a connoisseur on drinks, and we wish him all prosperity in the new field to which he is going He is something of a liar, and knows very little about a gun, but these are faults which can be overlooked in almost any community.

We understand that Lawyer Moss is teiling different parties around town that we threatened his life last Monday. Whati we did do was to visit his office and hold a gun on his chin and warn him not to pester us with any more libel suits, but no threats were made. Indeed, he caved so quickly that no threats were necessary. We have nothing against Lawyer Moss, and hope he may live for a hundred years yet.

The editor of the Lone Jack Banner calls us a lar in his last issue, and intimates that we don't care to meet bim face to face. We shall be in Lone Jack Monday afternoon, and if the editor of the Banner doesn't take to the woods half an hour before our arrival, and retrail and sayer man his hivering among the bushes until was answered a little bit slow, pernaps, but answered all right, and the conversation continued.

"She was not the most skilled operator I had ever taken, but certainly the most interesting one, and we talked through the wall till supper time. That evening I began again, but she was not at home, and when I got in at midnight I wisely forebore sending a "good night" to her. Next morning I hailed her with 'good morning' and got an answer, and then I asked her if I couldn't meet her after breakfast and walk to school with her, but she would not have it. You see, the was shy without a brick wall between us. I was three or four days pleading with my shoe heel on that wall before she agreed to meet me, and by that time I had told her everything, and she just couldn't refuse to give me some kind of a show. After my first walk to school with her I was utterly gone, and chough she stayed on and was graduated in telegraphy, she never had a chance to practice what she learned, for before she got a job I had made her promise to marry me and give up telegraphy."

From the New York Evening Sun. The first point in making glace fruits is to have everything in readiness before the candies are really put under way. The get down? Certainly, Jones. Can't you cook should have an oiled slab ready on mind her?

"And it is awfully good of you, Miss from its bath in hot sugar. A candy wire is another accessory that it is well to have ready, although two forks may be used in its place. The fruit itself should be prepared and quite dry externally be in when just the right point in cooking has been reached. The point is reached when the sirup has boiled to 340 degrees. At the moment it reaches that heat the pan containing it should be removed from the fire and placed in another pan containing cold and placed in another pan containing cold water. Grapes may be dipped in after they have been removed from the bunch. Leave a short remnant of stem on each grape and use a pair of pinehers to hold the grape and take it again from the sirup. Oranges to be treated to a coating of sugar must be divided into sections with the utmost care, so that the skin will not sustain even a slight break. Several hours must elapse before these sections are dry enough to be dipped into the sugar. For another thing, the state of the atmosphere is important. Dry atmosphere is essential to the successful outcome of your venture in glace fruit.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Be sure the nuts are fresh and provide a generous supply. You must have Brazil, pecans, hickory nuts, and almonds, and also some walnut meats. Chop them all, but not fine enough to make them oily. strew them as thick as possible on a shal-low tin pan, that has been well greased with sweet butter, mix in with the meats some candled orange and lemon peel and half a dozen finely chopped stoned dates.